

THE
COQUETTE:

A Domestic Drama,

IN FIVE ACTS.

By ROBERT JOSSELYN.

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PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
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THE COQUETTE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

M A L E .

RICHARD PETWAY—A rich Merchant of New York City.
JACOB HOWLAND—A poor Farmer of Vermont.
HENRY HOWLAND—His Son.
COURTNEY SMYTHE—The Banker's Heir.

SYMPLE PLUSH—A City Fop.
SHARPE CHISELL—A Gambler.
GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.
HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY.
TWO CITIZENS OF THE CITY, POLICE, WAITER, &c.

F E M A L E .

MRS. PETWAY—Wife of Richard Petway.
LUCY PETWAY—His Daughter.

RUTH—Wife of Jacob Howland.
JENNY—Lucy's Maid.

The time of the Drama is 1832. The scene of the first and second acts is in Vermont, the remainder in New York City.

A C T I .

SCENE I.—*Vermont.*—*Kitchen of a Farm House.*

Farmer HOWLAND and RUTH, his Wife.—*Farmer sitting with Pipe and Newspaper at a little Table.*—*Wife ironing at a larger one.*

Howland. [*Laying down his pipe and newspaper.*] Our poor boy! What can we do for him? He is so restless, so discontented, so unhappy. What can we do for him, wife?

Ruth. We can do nothing more than we have done. God knows how dear he is to my heart. But what better is he than his father and grandfather before him? He must work for an honest living as they did. We are too poor to make him a scholar and a fine gentleman. He must labor and try to be content with his lot. You must not encourage the boy in his wild notions. They will be

his ruin—mark what I say—they will be his ruin, and ours, too, in the end.

Howland. My dear wife, I have no idea of encouraging the boy in idleness and vain wishes. I try hard to make him contented with his condition. I give him the best advice I can, and, surely, my example is not a bad one. But all this seems to do him no good. Neither precept nor example effect him. His nature is not like ours—why, I know not—God has willed it. The boy is fonder of reading than work. It was always so from his early years. Don't you remember how he would read the Bible over and over again when he could get nothing else to read? And does not our preacher say that Henry is a marvel of learning for his opportunities? O that I had money to send him to college. What a preacher, or doctor, or lawyer he would make!

Ruth. You run wild yourself, husband, when you begin to talk of our boy, and it is easy to see how he comes by many of his foolish ways and doings. You, yourself, would rather be reading that odious old newspaper than working or reading your Bible, as a good Christian should. I hate newspapers. There is nothing in them fit to read but the marriages and deaths. Meddling with politics instead of minding your own business will ruin you as well as the boy.

Howland. Don't be unreasonable, wife, and lose your temper and blame me for the boy's ways. After all, he is as much your son as mine. If he has my inclination to read, he has his mother's spunk, and can flare up, at the least spark, like a true chip of the old block. He almost frightens me, sometimes, with his fierce outbreaks.

Ruth. There it is again—it is always so. I must be blamed for the boy's temper. I can't speak a word of his faults but I must be twitted about my temper, and told not to get mad, and to keep cool, and that the boy gets his temper from me, the most patient and suffering wife and mother that ever lived. Anyhow, the boy don't get his laziness from *me*.

Howland. Wife, for heaven's sake be calm. I had no thought of blaming you for the boy's conduct. Let us not

quarrel in our old age. Yes, yes, we are getting old, Ruth. It is now more than twenty-one years since we were married. Now, I think of it, Henry is twenty this very day. Ah! how proud and happy I was when I held in my arms, for the first time, the little beauty, with his mother's soft brown hair and lily complexion. Aye, we have had our joys, wife, as well as our sorrows. Let us take them as they come and thank God all the same. But the boy—where is he to-day?

Ruth. Gone to the woods, no doubt, as usual, with his book; there to read and mutter poetry to himself. I should like to know what good poetry ever did anybody. Well, well, this is the dear child's birthday, sure enough. But it is time I was looking after the dinner. Husband, get me a bucket of water. I will bring in the wood. We must all eat, and somebody must work, or the idle would starve.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber in a Country Cottage.

LUCY PETWAY and her maid, JENNY.—*Lucy standing before a Glass.*

Lucy. How am I looking to-day, Jenny? Does the country air improve my complexion? Do my eyes brighten with early rising? Is this way of dressing my hair becoming?

Jenny. La! Miss Lucy, how many questions you do ask, without giving me time to answer none of them. How does you look? Why, perfectly charming, perfectly killing. I wish your city beaux could see you now—they would run clean crazy, every one of them. You looks as sweet and lovely as Juno, submerging from the briny deep.

Lucy. Venus, you mean, Jenny. Venus was the heathen goddess of love, who the ancients imagined rose from the foam of the sea in perfect purity and beauty. Juno was the Queen of Heaven, the wife of Jove.

Jenny. Well, Juno or Venus—it don't matter—you looks like both of them, and, I dare say, better than any heathen could look. Your complexion is whiter and cleaner than any nasty foam, and you are fit to be the queen of

Jove or of General Jackson either. Ah! what a figure! what a face! what a hand! what a foot! and that shiny brown hair, which looks for all the world like a rainbow round the sun! Where did you get that beautiful rose? Bless me! if it isn't most as pretty as an artificial.

Lucy. I gathered it myself in the garden, early this morning, with the dew upon it, sparkling like diamonds. I begin to like the country. I feel so much lighter and stronger here than in the city. To be sure, it is dull—no theaters, no concerts, no parties, no balls, no excitement, no lovers all sighing and dying for me. I sometimes almost wish some of them would die. I can love them all easy enough, but I can't marry them all, you know; and it would be so romantic; only think of it, dying for love, dying for me. I never had a great sorrow. I think I should like it. I never lost anything but a canary or cat. Everybody tries to please me. I want a new sensation.

Jenny. A new sensation, Miss? What sort of thing is that? A new style of dress? Is it made long or short, open in front or behind? Has it buttons, and flounces, and ribbons, and ruffles, and—I don't know what? You can't expect to get one in the country, Miss. Why didn't you think of it before you left the city?

Lucy. Nonsense, Jenny. It is no dress—it means feeling—you can understand that. I am tired of the monotony of my pleasures—the same thing over and over. I should like to have something to distress and distract and overpower me—something or other out of the usual way.

Jenny. La me! Is that all? A new feeling! You must fall in love, Miss, really in love. I fell in love once, and I had a new feeling. O such a curious feeling—it went through and through me, from the tip of my head to the crown of my feet. It was an all-overish feeling. I can't prescribe it, Miss. It was so queer, and so funny, and so good, and so bad, too. O Lordy! I can't think of it now without cogitation.

Lucy. Agitation, Jenny. You must learn to speak more properly, now you are a lady's maid. But it is strange you never told me of this before. I thought your heart had never been touched by the tender passion. How long did

it last? How did you get over it? Who was the Adonis, who captivated the fascinating Jenny?

Jenny. It wasn't no O'Donis at all, or any of that family, Miss. It was Terrence O'Brien, the nicest Irish lad that ever came over to work on the big canal and make his fortune. How did I get over it? It got over itself, like the measles or scarlet fever, Miss. When Terrence, poor lad, was sent to the Plenipotentiary for having something to do with a riot or row or an unlawful general assembly, it just died away and went out like a candle-wick. That's how it was. It didn't kill me. I'm not dead, you see.

Lucy. No, very far from it. Well, Jenny, I trust you will have better luck next time. I have never had any trouble with my lovers, though it would not surprise me if some of them ought to be in the Penitentiary, instead of the unfortunate Terrence. I wonder if there can be any beaux in the country worth tormenting a little. How I should like a rustic lover, who never saw the fine ladies of the city. Wouldn't I be his idol? Wouldn't he worship me? What fun it would be! We must look around. We must ramble about in the woods in search of adventures. Who knows what we may find, or what may happen? Let us go now. Let us take a run to the hills and see the trout stream, which papa raves so much about, and which, I think, brought him here instead of going to the Springs. Quick, quick, Jenny. Get our hats and let us go before the sun is too high.

Jenny. Yes, yes, Miss. Here we are. All ready. Now for it.
[*They run out.*]

SCENE III.—A Wood, and Mountain Stream.

HENRY HOWLAND seated on a Rock by the Bank, Book in Hand.

Henry. [*Rises impatiently.*] Why was I born to poverty and toil,
With heart and brain unfitted for such fortune?
Why was a burning thirst for knowledge given
Without the means to quench it? Why a love
For all things beautiful, to be unsatisfied?
A craving soul, forever discontented.

Cramped in a body, doomed to waste itself
In sweating agony for daily bread ?
It is a mystery I can not solve.
What have I done that I should suffer thus ?
If man must delve and drudge his whole life long,
Unthinking ignorance should be his portion,
For coarse and brutal senses bring content.
The dullest delver in this stubborn soil,
Stony and cold and yielding scant return,
Is happier than I. He has no longings
For things beyond his reach. He works and eats
And mates and multiplies and dies and rots,
Caring for nothing, wanting nothing more,
While I, with higher nature, am accurst.
O that I were the veriest fool on earth,
Or some fierce brute to roam the wilds at large,
Preying and preyed on—anything but this,
The wretched thing I am. Is this God's justice ?
My honest loving parents deem me mad ;
And mad I shall be, if I am not now—
Mad, raving mad, unless there come a change.
They can not understand me and my ways,
And fret and worry me with pious texts,
To teach me patience and obedience
To God's decrees—the Puritan's last hold,
When reason fails him. So the faithful Turk,
Driven to extremity, folds his arms and cries,
Allah is great ! and waits the inevitable doom.
But I am neither Puritan nor Turk,
And scarce a Christian, though with Christian breeding.
I fail to see why I should be decreed
A life of constant struggle and despair,
While others bask in all that makes life joyful.
If this be fate, I will make war on fate.
Fate is my foe, and I will conquer him.
This is my twentieth birthday. One more year
Will free me from the thralldom of the law,
Which makes me still a child, though old in thought
And hard experience. Then I shall be free,
A man, at least in name, and free to leave

The home, no longer happy with my presence—
The home, to which my waywardness brings tears.
Home is no longer home when discord reigns.
Then will I seek the crowded haunts of men
And test the strength of fate. I can but die,
And life, unsatisfied, is worse than death.

[Sees LUCY advancing, her Maid behind.

Ha! what is that? A phantom of the brain,
Which, over wrought, brings strange and wondrous visions?
Can that be flesh and blood, and yet so fair?
Is heaven mocking me with shadowy forms?

Lucy. Your pardon, gentle Sir, for this intrusion.
I fear we mar your studies.

Henry. Not a whit.
The darkness ever greets the coming dawn
With welcome. I was startled, not displeased.
I am unused to beauty, such as yours,
And doubted, first, it was a thing of earth.
You flashed upon me like a light from heaven,
And I was dazzled and confounded quite.

Lucy. A truce with compliments. I thought they flour-
In cities only, such as I have left [ished
To taste the pleasures of a simpler life,
And breathe a purer air. My father has taken
The vacant cottage, which is near at hand,
To pass away the heated summer season,
And find some sport in angling for the trout,
For which, I understand, this stream is famous.
Do you like angling?

Henry. Do I like it, lady?
I dote upon it. 'Tis my chief delight,
Next to my books. When I can steal a day,
Or but an hour, from labor on the farm,
With rod in hand, I hasten to some brook,
Whose limpid waters thread the meadows green,
Or dash from mountain heights through shady woods,
Foaming and sparkling down their rocky channel,
With here and there a mirrored pool of rest,
In which the speckled monarch loves to dwell.
To creep with noiseless step and eager eye

And throbbing heart till you the point obtain—
To poise the rod, to deftly cast the fly,
To dance it lightly over the glassy depths,
To watch the rise, the lightning flashing leap,
And, with an easy motion of the wrist,
Secure your prey and land him on the bank,
Still struggling, leaping, panting at your feet—
O 'tis a joy that language fails to paint;
And, lady, I have scarce had other joy
Than this till now.

Lucy. Why you grow eloquent
With memory of the sport. But did you ever
Reflect upon the anguish of the fish?
Is it not cruel? Has he done you harm?

Henry. No, none to me—and yet I hardly deem
The sport a cruel one—I have reflected.
It is a law of nature. One thing preys
Upon another, yet the world goes on.
What harm has ever the defenceless fly
Done to the fish, that he should watch his coming,
His playful flutterings over the crystal waters,
And gulp him with a dash? It is his food.
The trout devours the fly and we the trout.
True anglers have been famed for tender hearts
And contemplative minds. Remember Walton,
The good old Isaac. Have I answered you?

Lucy. At least we will not further argue it.
My father says the same. He will be glad
To make you his companion in the sport,
And I, if not too far presuming, I
Should sometimes like to add my helpless presence.
'Twould be some glory to begin my lessons
Under so skilled a master of the art,
Could you consent to take so dull a pupil.

Henry. Command me when you will. I scarce deserve
So high an honor, but shall be most proud
In any way to serve both you and yours.
I fear your sojourn in this neighborhood
Will soon grow wearisome, and you will long
For city pleasures and a gayer life.

Lucy. Not likely, with so much to cheer and charm
In country scenery and rural pastimes.
The flowers and sunshine, the refreshing breeze,
Free from pollution's taint, the hills and vales
In emerald robed, the woods and waterfalls,
So full of life and beauty, musical birds,
To wake me early with their morning songs.
And you to be my knight in sylvan sports
And perilous walks by mountain precipices—
Not likely, with such prospects in the future.
But may I crave the subject of your studies,
So rudely interrupted by our coming?

Henry. The plays of Shakspeare—nature's second self,
In all her loveliness and mysteries
Of mind and matter.

Lucy. Then you love the drama.
And so do I, and we will read together,
When tired of angling or the mountain walk;
Or, rather, you shall read and I will listen.
At home, the theater is my delight.
For this I bless the city's opportunities.
There come the great expounders of the drama.
You should see Booth in Richard, Kean in Hamlet,
And Cooper in Virginius—O 'tis rare
And wonderful.

Henry. I doubt it not, sweet lady,
And envy you such pleasure. I have longed
To see these mighty masters, but in vain,
Chained and secluded in my mountain home.

Lucy. I will describe them to you in our walks
Hereafter. But 'tis time I should return.
Jenny, we must not longer interrupt
The student's meditations. So, good-bye.
We shall be glad to see you at our cottage.
My father's name is Petway—Lucy, mine.

Henry. And mine is Henry Howland, at your service.
Good-bye. The sky will darken as you go.

Lucy. Your flattery will make me vain. Bye, bye.

[*Waving a kiss with her hand.*—*Exeunt Lucy and Jenny.*]

Henry. A new existence burns within my veins.

I feel uplifted from this murky earth.
I could leap over mountains, fly in the air,
Do anything and everything—what is it?
Can this be love, so sudden and so strong?
I will go homeward—I can read no more—
My brain is whirling—Lucy, Lucy, Lucy—
What a sweet name—it fills the mouth with nectar.
[*Exit, murmuring, Lucy, Lucy.*]

SCENE IV.—*Kitchen of the Farm House.—An humble Dinner Table set out.*

Farmer HOWLAND and Wife.

Ruth. It is time Henry was returning. The dinner will be cold, but it will not be my fault. He knows the dinner hour, and should come home. I almost dread his coming, too. After these lonely rambles, he is more moody and fretful than ever. [*Singing heard outside.*]

Howland. Hark! What is that? It sounds like Henry's voice; and singing, too, a lively tune. Bless the boy! How much good it does me to know he is happy.

Enter HENRY.

Henry. What, mother, have I kept you waiting? Never mind the cold dinner, if it is my birthday. I can eat anything. My walk has sharpened my appetite amazingly. I am twenty, to-day, and feel like a man, and as good as a king, if not so rich. Mother, did you ever dance in your younger days? [*Dances.*]

Ruth. My dear child, what has happened? You look so excited and happy.

Henry. I have been in heaven, mother. I have seen an angel, and talked to her face to face. She has flooded me with light, and filled my soul with ecstasy.

Ruth. Gracious goodness! Is the boy crazy? Have you lost your wits, Henry? Don't talk so extravagantly. What is the matter?

Henry. I believe I am a little demented, mother, but no wonder. I have seen the most beautiful creature of God's creation—so graceful, so gentle, so sweet, so everything.

Ruth. What—only a woman, Henry? Surely there is no one in this neighborhood who could work you up to such a pitch of excitement, and put you beside yourself. You know all the girls around here, and I never knew you to notice them in the least like other boys of your age. Who can it be?

Henry. You know the cottage, not far off, built by a city banker, some years ago, who died, it is said, without ever occupying it. It has been taken by a rich merchant from New York for the summer, and to-day I met his daughter with her maid, strolling in the woods. O the loveliest thing man's eyes ever looked on.

Ruth. Take care, my boy. These city ladies are not for such as you. Don't let her interest you too much. Keep your heart whole for some virtuous country girl, fit for your station and domestic life. The fine ladies of the city are too gay for a country boy, aye, and deceitful, too, I have heard. O Henry, beware in time.

Henry. Mother, you do her injustice. Could you but see her—could you hear her talk. She has no pride, and loves the country already. Her father is devoted to angling, and I am to go with him and show him the mountain streams and the favorite haunts of the trout. And Lucy—that is her name—she is to go with us, sometimes, and I am to be her teacher in the gentle art; and we are to read together in the woods, and—O, will it not be paradise?

Ruth. Aye, my son, with the serpent in it, I fear. What time have you for such idle doings? How will the farm go on, and you loitering away the days in fishing and rambling in the woods? Henry, you forget how poor we are, and how we must all work for our living.

Howland. Come, come, wife. Don't let us anticipate evil. All may turn out for the best. I can trust Henry. He ought to have a little amusement at his age. I say let him go occasionally to the woods, and hunt and fish with the city folks, if he and they wish it. It will do him no harm. I will work all the harder and make up for lost time. He is our only child, and can claim some indulgence. We were once young ourselves, wife. Let us eat and be thankful. [*They sit down at the Table.—Curtain falls.*]

SCENE V.—*A Parlor in the Cottage.*

MR. PETWAY and MRS. PETWAY.

Mr. Petway. How pleasant it is to get out of the city at this season of the year, to leave the dust and the heat and the endless noise behind you, to be free from business cares and anxieties, and to enjoy the freshness of the country, with its healthy rides and walks, and the hunting and fishing. Pshaw! your crowded watering places are nothing in comparison—nuisances, Mrs. Petway, nuisances, nothing more—the city itself is preferable.

Mrs. Petway. I beg leave to differ with you, Mr. Petway. To *me* the country is very stupid, very insipid. No society, no refinement, nothing to interest one that I can discover. Think of bringing our daughter, Lucy, the belle and pride of New York, to such a place as this! She will become brown as an Indian, and as coarse and rude as any of the farmers' daughters before the summer is over. You will regret yet not taking my advice and going to Saratoga. Lucy might have met there society worthy of her and of us.

Mr. Petway. Saratoga! fiddlesticks! I think the worst part of the city go there—the sharps and the flats, the knaves and the fools. What are the amusements? Dancing, flirting, drinking, gambling, and—I will not say what else, Mrs. Petway. Talk of Lucy, the darling; she'll do well enough here—yes, a great deal better than at any of the fashionable resorts of dissipation and frivolty. Why, she is looking a hundred per cent prettier already with early rising, morning walks, and mountain air. She is out now, with Jenny. I saw them running towards the hills, with footsteps light as the fawn's. Lucy is delighted with the country—she has some of her father's good taste in that. And here she comes, the darling, brighter and sweeter than ever, decked with flowers, and rosy with exercise.

Enter LUCY and JENNY.

Lucy. O papa, I have had such a delightful stroll, and have met with such an adventure. I have good news for you, papa. You must know, Jenny and I wandered about

in the hills, and suddenly we came upon such a handsome young man, with his book in hand, standing on the bank of a clear mountain stream, and looking as moody and fierce as the hero of a novel or play. When he saw us, he seemed frightened—didn't he Jenny?

Jenny. Yes, Miss, indeed he did. I took him for a poor lamented creature, who had got out of the Lunar Asylum.

Lucy. No more crazy than you or I, Jenny; only a student. He had been reading Shakspeare, papa. How prettily he did talk after getting over his scare. I asked him if he was fond of angling, and you should have heard him on that point. He was so eloquent, so enthusiastic! He will suit you exactly, papa. I told him your passion for angling, and he has promised to go with you and show you all the best places. He lives near by, a farmer's son, I believe; poor, no doubt, but seems educated above his station. Papa, you *must* patronize him.

Mr. Petway. So I will, darling. The very thing I wanted. I must see the young fellow, and make arrangements for a day's fishing.

Lucy. And, papa, may I not sometimes go with you, and see how you take in the speckled beauties?

Mr. Petway. I don't know about that, Lucy. Ladies are poor anglers. They can't keep silent, you know. Their tongues will be always wagging, wagging, wagging. They frighten the shy things, as you did the young fellow to-day. Ha! ha! They can take in the beaux, darling, but not the trout. O no.

Lucy. O, but, papa, I will be still as a cat after a mouse. I will creep and step softly along like pussey. Do say yes, papa. Now you will please your own little Lucy. You know I am so much like you, papa.

Mr. Petway. You irresistible little coaxer. Well, well, we will see about it, after a trial or two.

Mrs. Petway. I am astonished, Mr. Petway, that you should encourage our daughter in any such folly. She ought not to roam about in the woods, even with Jenny. She did very wrong to speak to the young fellow, or make his acquaintance. She should remember who she is—the

only daughter of the richest merchant in New York—and to be associating with a country bumpkin!

Mr. Petway. Poh! Mrs. Petway. Recollect that I came from the country, and a poor boy at that, if I am now a merchant prince, as they call me. Lucy will be safe with me, I should think, and it will not hurt her if she does talk to a young farmer, or country bumpkin, as you call him. When she marries, she will take one of her own class and condition, of course.

Mrs. Petway. If you did come from the country, Mr. Petway, you, too, should recollect that I am of the blood of the Rivingstons and Van Ninkles, the best blood of the city, Mr. Petway.

Mr. Petway. Very well—all right, no doubt, but that will not prevent me and Lucy from having a good time of it in the country, and a bit of fun now and then—aye, my darling?

Lucy. Thanks, papa, a million thanks. And, mama, don't trouble yourself about me. I can take good care of myself—you may be sure of it, brought up as I have been under the careful eye of so wise a mother, and so kind and good to me, too, mama. [*Kissing her.*] There, now. I will be such a nice, prudent, lady-like girl, just like my dear mama was at my age. [*Kisses her again.*]

Mrs. Petway. You and your father always will have things your own way, but I wipe my hands of the whole matter. Go to your room, Lucy, and change that dress. Jenny, see that she is presentable at dinner. We must keep up some forms of propriety, if we are in the country, and not forget all the rules of society.

Mr. Petway. Rules of humbug! We came here to enjoy ourselves, and we will have a good time of it, wont we, Lucy?

Lucy. Yes, papa, that we will. Good-bye, till dinner.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Kitchen of the Farm House.**Farmer HOWLAND and Wife.*

Ruth. The summer has gone at last, and I am glad of it. I wish these city folks would go with it, and trouble us no more. Half of Henry's time has been thrown away on them, and with all your hard work, husband, not half a crop will be made. I am out of all patience with these doings. I told you how it would be. Henry is not fit for anything. He is either in the garret or cellar—always up or down—one day mad with joy and the next with gloom. That fine city lady will make a wreck of him. The sooner she goes the better. Would to Heaven she never had come.

Howland. I can't deny the truth of most you say, wife. The crops have suffered for want of sufficient labor and attention. Too much of our boy's time has been spent fishing and rambling about with these city gentry. I have talked to him again and again, but it does no good. He is headstrong and flies into a passion at the least reproof. But the frost is coming and they will be going, thank the Lord, and then, perhaps, things may change. They can hardly be worse, anyhow.

Ruth. O yes, you can see it now, when the mischief is done, but you upheld the boy at first. There he is out again to-day, when the work is so pressing. I will give him a piece of my mind when he comes back, sure.

Enter HENRY.

So another day is lost, Henry, with your dancing attendance on these city grandees, who can afford to be idle, and who care for nothing but their own pleasure, and never think of the injury they are doing poor people like us. Here we are, with half a crop, while you have been wasting day after day, following a heartless flirt, who is making a fool of you.

Henry. Stop there, mother. I will not bear this. Not a

word against her. Abuse me if you will. I am used to it, but breathe not her name except with honor. She has neither lured me nor deceived me. She is all nobleness and truth. I have but followed my own inclinations. I am indebted to her for the little gratification life has afforded me, and you begrudge me this.

Ruth. I speak for your own good, Henry, as well as ours. You ought to know that this girl would never think of marrying you, a poor country boy. You have told us of her proud mother and her grand ways, of her contempt for the country and her coldness to you. Break off from this connection, and be an independent man, if you are a poor one. Forget it all.

Henry. Mother, I can not and will not. I may forget my God, but not Lucy Petway. She has raised me from the pit of darkness into the light of Heaven. I can no more stifle the throbbings of my heart than I can create it anew or change it to stone. Talk to me no more—I shall be guilty of blasphemy, if you go on in this way.

Ruth. You have blasphemed already when you talk of forgetting your Maker for a frail thing of earth. O Henry, listen to your mother's prayers. Will you give up parents and home and all for the new friends of an hour? Will you bring your father and me to want and sorrow and the grave?

Henry. I am your son, mother, not your slave. I will follow my heart if it lead me to the devil and damnation. If I can have no peace here, I will go elsewhere—anywhere to avoid this constant lecturing and torment. I will get out of the way before I curse the mother who bore me.

[*Exit Henry.*]

Howland. It is no use, wife. You only make matters worse. Do let the boy alone. God only knows what will become of him. We have done our duty. Let us leave results with Providence. Poor Henry! I could give my life for him. O that I were rich for his sake.

Ruth. Ah me! Ah me! God help us!

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Cottage.*

LUCY *at ease in a Rocking Chair*, JENNY *on a Stool sewing*.

Lucy. This is comfortable after my long walk. It is a nice thing, after all, to be rich, and have nothing to do but to be happy. I have passed a pleasant summer here. I should not have enjoyed myself half so much at the Springs, where mama wanted to go. I feel so well, so strong, so full of life, so—so—I don't know how, Jenny. Sometimes I think I am half in love.

Jenny. One would suppose you were three or four halves in love, the way you've been going on with that handsome young man, Miss, fishing and strolling about, and reading theater plays and romautical verses together, like a pair of turtle doves. You've just made a convenience of me, and I've got many a scold from your lady mother, Miss, that I have.

Lucy. You are a good girl, and make the best of lady maids—only you are not quite blind enough sometimes. You should shut your eyes, Jenny, when a lover is about. The men are such presuming creatures, if you give them the least encouragement. But you must say, Jenny, that Henry is a model of modesty and propriety. You have never seen him attempt to kiss my hand, even, which those fops in the city have done a hundred times, and nothing is thought of it there. You can't say I have done wrong—not a bit of it—ever so little a bit.

Jenny. In course not. But you have looked mighty sweet on that young man, and you have talked mighty sweet to him, too, for I have heard you, Miss; and I've seen you walking arm in arm with him, and you leaned up to him mighty close; and if he's not dead in love with you, then I don't know nothing about it, Miss, and I've had some 'sperience.

Lucy. O yes, I remember—the sad affair with Terrence. But how can I help it, if the men will adore me? What could I do, Jenny? There was nobody else here, and Henry was so handsome, and so frank, and so honest—so different from my city beaux, though not so well dressed

and so fashionable, to be sure. Indeed, I do like him, Jenny, but then you know mama would never consent to such a match, nor papa either, though he does like the young man, and defends him against mama. But he expects me to marry some notable rich man, and that is what I shall have to do one of these days, I suppose. Hi, ho! But why should I not enjoy myself with those I like in the meantime? Henry thinks me perfection.

Jenny. Well, Miss, you city ladies may think this all right, but us, poor common folks, have different ways of thinking about it. And how will Henry feel, when he finds out it's all talk and no cider? I pity the poor fellow, myself, I do; I wouldn't give him for the whole batch of your city dandies.

Lucy. I pity him too, Jenny, and I am afraid I love him a little. I wish he was rich and lived in the city, and moved in society. Of course I can't marry him as he is—that is impossible—but I will try and make him as happy as I can as long as I stay here. Papa says we must leave before long, and mama is so impatient to return. I believe they are now discussing the matter in the parlor—I think I can hear mama's voice on its high pitch. I must go and learn the result. I must see Henry again before we go. Jenny, lay down your work, and get ready for a walk. You can stay a little behind while I talk with Henry.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Parlor of the Cottage.*

MR. PETWAY and MRS. PETWAY.

Mrs. Petway. Mr. Petway, I tell you we must go back to the city immediately—must, I say; and you will understand me, sir. It was against my express wish and judgment that we came here, where I have been a complete nonentity, entirely secluded from society or the least enjoyment, while you have been regaling yourself with coarse and vulgar country amusements, and encouraging our daughter, Lucy, to participate in them. Her association with that mannerless rustic, Henry Howland, is outrageous.

Mr. Petway, outrageous sir, and you have sanctioned it, Mr. Petway. Can you deny it?

Mr. Petway. I have no inclination to deny it, my dear. I don't agree with you about the terrible nature of the association. Henry Howland is a fine, manly fellow, and the best angler I ever met with. He has been of great service to me, and I have relished his society very much. He is very intelligent, let me tell you, and has read more books already, than any dozen of your city fashionables put together, or ever will read. And as for Lucy—whew! you don't know the girl, if she is your own child. She can take care of herself anywhere, the darling. Harm to Lucy—pshaw! I am more afraid of harm to Henry, poor fellow. I don't see how he could help falling in love with the beautiful little witch, and, of course, that would be a misfortune to him, for marrying Lucy would be out of the question. Mrs. Petway, don't worry yourself needlessly.

Mrs. Petway. I shall worry myself, Mr. Petway, until we leave this place, and are relieved from this degrading association.

Mr. Petway. Very well—then we will leave, and as for me, I shall be very sorry for it. I love the country. I was born there—my boyhood was passed in it—I can't help it, and I don't want to help it, and I don't care who knows it. But we will go, Mrs. Petway, we will go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Woods, and a Mountain Stream.*

HENRY and LUCY sitting side by side.

Henry. This is the hallowed spot where first we met,
And here we part forever.

Lucy. Why forever?
Have you grown weary of me? Have I fallen
So low in favor, that you should desire
To see me never more—to blot me out
From heart and memory—can this be so?

Henry. How can you ask such questions? Are you blind?
Have I not worn my heart upon my face?
Has it not spoken in every word and act?

What need to say, I love you, with a strength
And deep intensity beyond all words ?
The very breath I breathe is full of love.
It glows in every drop of blood within me.
It beats in every pulse—I am all love,
And love for you—and can you question it ?
Life was a burden to me when you came.
You found me desolate and mad with fate,
A raging storm of passion and despair.
You raised me to an atmosphere of calm
And light and joy supreme, till I forgot
Myself and what I was, all else but you.
But now, when you must leave me, I awake
To bitter consciousness of what I am,
And hope is dying in me. You will go,
And, in the city's whirl of wild delights,
Forget the farmer's son, forget his love,
Forget our rambles by this mountain stream,
Our pleasant studies and our converse sweet,
All that is stamped red hot upon my brain,
And which eternity can not efface—
You will forget it all—but how can I ?

Lucy. Why will you talk thus, Henry ? Have I seemed
So light and frivolous, that you should doubt
The love I bear you ? O, you do me wrong,
A grievous wrong, and sadden me to tears. [Weeps.]

Henry. Forgive me, Lucy, I was on the rack.
No torture ever equalled doubt and fear
In lover's minds. I was beside myself
At thought of losing you. I am so low
And you so high in station, you so rich
And I so poor, a tiller of the soil
For meager sustenance, how could I hope
That you could set at nought ambition's lures,
The wish of parents, suitors' importunities,
The proud exclusiveness of class and fashion,
Society's rude comments and its sneers,
For humble love like mine ?

Lucy. You judged me rashly.
Has ever Lucy been to you unkind ?

Has she been proud, or arrogant, or cold?
What have I done to waken this suspicion
Of guile and faithlessness? I am too simple
In my affection, and you hold it lightly.

Henry. I hold the smallest atom of your love
Dearer than all the riches of this earth
And all its honors. You have been to me
All gentleness, and kindness, and affection.
There is no music like the melody
Of words from your sweet lips—no sunshine warms
And brightens every object like your smile.
Your grace and beauty have no parallels.
With you, I have been lost to all the world,
And all the world is nothing without you.

Lucy. O Henry, how you flatter your poor Lucy,
And yet, how sweet is flattery from you.
I quaff the honeyed draught and thirst for more.
To lovers, nothing seems extravagant.
And we have been so happy! How the hours
Have glided by me in these fragrant shades,
Beside the murmuring waters, and with you
To charm my ear with sweeter murmurings.
Love knows no solitude—it is a world
Within itself. And you do love me, Henry?

Henry. O that the boon of wealth and power were mine,
That I might prove the vastness of my love.

Lucy. Come to the city, Henry. You can make
A name and fortune there—my father did.
He, too, was poor, a young adventurer,
Though now the richest merchant known on 'change.
Come to the city—'tis the place to rise in.
There toil and genius meet a due reward.
Come to the city—if a farmer's son,
You are a prince in nature. I will be
Your star of hope and promise—come to me,
And find a welcome ever in my heart,
Which will be sad without you—say you will,
Dear Henry, say it, we shall meet again?

Henry. Yes, if within the reach of human will
And human strength. Living, I will be with you;

Dying, still with you in my latest thought.
Farewell! I never yet have asked one favor
In testimonial of our mutual love.

Dear Lucy, may I kiss this little hand?

Lucy. Yes, and my lips, too, Henry, now we part.

Henry. My life, my more than heaven!

Lucy. Yours, yours forever!

[*They embrace.—Curtain falls.*]

SCENE V.—*Kitchen of the Farm House.*

Farmer HOWLAND, his Wife, and HENRY.

Henry. Don't talk to me. I tell you I will go. No earthly power can stop me. If I stay here, I shall cut my throat or hang myself. Why would you detain me? Only a few months, and I shall be of age. Of what account are these? While I remain, I can do no good, and may do evil. Let me go, with your blessing, if I can have it, if not, with your curse upon me.

Ruth. My child! my Henry! How can you leave us? What new madness is this? Who can ever love you like your mother; who watch over you in sickness, who soothe you in sorrow, like her? That it should come to this! my only one, to whom I gave life and nursed upon my bosom! that he should give me up for strangers and wanderings—God knows where. O it will kill me!

Henry. What is the gift of life with unceasing torment? You can not think for me, mother, you can not feel for me—I must think and feel and act for myself. If you love me, let me go, and let the consequences rest on me alone. You will not be responsible for them.

Howland. But, my son, how can you go without means? You have no money—we have no money. We can barely make both ends meet at the close of the year. This year, I fear we shall be in debt. Have you thought of this, my son? If you must leave your old father and mother, wait, at least, until we can earn some money for you to go on.

Henry. When will it ever be better? If I wait for this, I shall wait till I am gray and wrinkled. Every moment I remain seems an eternity.

Howland. But what can you do, my son, how travel without money—how live?

Henry. I will work my way somehow—I will walk, I will go hungry and cold, I will beg, do anything but steal. But go I must and will. I will go to the great city, and rise from poverty and obscurity, or die in the attempt.

Ruth. O my child, my child! you will die, and we shall never see you again. My curse upon her who has stolen your heart from us.

Henry. Mother, kill me if you will, but spare her. Curse not the innocent. This is worse than all. I will not stay a minute longer under this roof. Fill it with curses, if you please, when I can hear them no longer.

[*Starts to go.*

Howland. Stay, stay, my son. You must not leave us thus. You shall go, Henry, and with your father's blessing; and not as a beggar, either, or an outcast from your home. The Howlands never begged, nor shall you. I will mortgage the old farm and raise the money for you. You shall have enough to live on till you can make your way. Be easy, Henry, your mother loves you with her whole soul, as well as I. Be calm, my son, you shall go as soon as I can raise the money.

Ruth. O my God! What will become of him and us. Pardon, pardon me, Henry. I knew not what I said. How can I give you up! [*Embracing him.*] God bless you, my child, my child, God bless you! [*Curtain falls.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*New York City.*—*A Private Club Room.*

COURTNEY SMYTHE and SYMPLE PLUSH sitting at a Table, with Bottle, Glasses, and Cigars.

Plush. Smythe, my good fellow, how did you manage to get over the summer? It was deuced hot here, 'pon my

honor, Smythe, and awful dull—nothing doing in the higher circles, and every fashionable place of amusement closed. Did you follow the divine Lucy?

Smythe. Not I. Old Petway somehow got the idea into his head that he would go to the country and rusticate—hunt, fish, etc., and, in spite of the opposition of his aristocratic wife, he had his own way, as old Petway always will when he gets his back up. This was not in my line, you know, so, after taking an affectionate leave of the young Pet., I went off to the Springs, and consoled myself with cards, champagne, and a little waltzing and flirting.

Plush. Petway can't entirely throw off his country breeding, Smythe. Occasionally a little coarseness will show itself in spite of the city polish. Hunting and fishing! How exceedingly low and vulgar! They soil the hands and injure the complexion. A gentleman should look like he did nothing and could do nothing but enjoy himself. He should look delicate and wear kid gloves, and have a little of the bouquet aroma about him—he should be something like me, Smythe.

Smythe. Well. I believe it is conceded that you dress finer than any gentleman of the city, and I quite agree with you about hunting and fishing. I have no taste for such rough amusements. Give me a bottle of champagne, with a pack of cards, a fast horse, and a bet now and then on the race course, with balls and theatricals to diversify, and a flirtation or so to give a zest to things generally, and I can manage to get along pretty well till I marry. But, by the way, I am thinking it is about time I was settling down in life. I have spent already a good half of the fortune my father left me. It is not unfashionable yet to marry, is it, Plush?—provided you get a rich wife, eh?

Plush. No, but it depends all on the proviso, my good fellow. I have an idea of doing something that way, myself, Smythe. Old Petway's fortune would make a handsome addition to my income, and the divine Lucy is not insensible to my attractions. She knows the fit of a coat and the proper tie of a cravat as well as any lady in the city.

Smythe. Hold there, Plush, that will never do. I have

a sort of vested right to Lucy. My father always intended that I should marry her. It was a kind of family understanding before his death. He and old Petway were great friends. It is my house in which the Petways have been passing the summer. The matter is as good as fixed. Lucy will marry to please her parents, and I am their man. Hands off in that direction. But what makes you imagine that Lucy has any particular liking for you?

Plush. Why, my good fellow, she is always complimenting me on my dress and appearance. She actually told me once that my whiskers would be a fortune of themselves, anywhere. She said, too, that I reminded her of the picture of Judas Iscariot, the beloved disciple, and the handsomest one of them all; so she said, 'pon my honor she did. But I'll give her up, Smythe, to you—it is no consequence to me, you know. I can succeed anywhere.

Smythe. Very complimentary, to be sure, but then Lucy, you know, is in the habit of saying pleasant and agreeable things to all her admirers, and perhaps she meant nothing serious by it. However, I am very much obliged to you for declining in my favor, for I should dislike to have so formidable a competitor. So, I hope, if any little difficulties should lie in my way, which I have no reason to anticipate, however, you will give me your valuable assistance, and help me out. Can I count on you?

Plush. Certainly, certainly, my good fellow, you can rely on me, 'pon my honor, you can. I will put you through, Smythe. I flatter myself no gentleman has more influence in the high circles than I have. The ladies call me the irresistible Plush!

Smythe. Thanks, many thanks, for your kind offer. But did you know the Petways have returned to the city?

Plush. Ah! indeed. We must be the first to call on them and welcome them back. It will be very gratifying to the divine Lucy—don't you think so, Smythe?

Smythe. Of course. We must call as soon as possible after they get a little rest. I am in earnest about this marrying matter—remember that. Good morning, my dear Plush.

Plush. *Au revoir*, my good fellow, *au revoir*. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Petway's Mansion.*

LUCY PETWAY and JENNY.

Lucy. Not two weeks at home, Jenny, and I am getting into my old ways again. All day long, calling and being called on, talking and hearing nonsense, going to parties and balls, to the theater and the church, and flirting at both with the old set of admirers. You would laugh to hear them, Jenny. They say they have been pining away to shadows during my absence. Some of them never were anything else, Jenny—mere shadows of humanity. But I have my fun out of them, don't I, Jenny?

Jenny. Yes, indeed, Miss. You have your fun with the fellows wherever you go, and wherever you be, Miss. You had your fun with that handsome young man in the country. But, may be, it wasn't such fun for him, Miss.

Lucy. Say nothing about that, Jenny. It is rather a sore subject to me. I fear I went a little too far with Henry, the dear, honest fellow. I don't mind the sweet smiles and soft words I gave him—the men expect these anyhow, and they ought not to put much faith in them—but, Jenny, in a moment of weakness, I persuaded him to come to the city, and I am afraid he may come, and that would be so awkward and embarrassing to us all. You know mama can't bear him, and I can't treat Henry here as I did in the country—that would not do at all—and Henry is so sensitive and impetuous. What shall I do, Jenny, if he does come?

Jenny. It is not for the likes of me to be giving advice, Miss. As you makes your bed, so you must lie. You might have thought of this when you were going on so with poor Henry. How I do admire him myself, Miss. He is none of your shadows of nonentity, you were just now laughing about.

Lucy. No, no. I believe Henry is really worth them all. But I can't marry him you know; neither papa nor mama would consent to that, and I shall have to treat Henry more coldly and distantly, if he should come, and try to cure him of his fiery affection. How that boy does love me!

What an angel I am in his eyes! O me! What a funny world this is! What a delusion we girls are! You must keep on the look out, Jenny, and if you should hear of Henry's arrival, let me know it immediately. He must not take me by surprise. I am sure I should feel like rushing into his arms, if he came upon me suddenly. I think I will go a shopping, and see what the new winter fashions are. Come, Jenny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Private Club Room.*

SMYTHE and PLUSH at a Table.

Smythe. [*Ring the Bell.*]

Enter WAITER.

Waiter, another bottle of wine, and some more cigars. Somehow, I am more than usually thirsty, to-day.

Plush. Getting in love, Smythe? A little feverish about the Petway? You don't mind that green specimen she picked up in the country, who has followed her here to exhibit his awkwardness for the amusement of the city. Poh! he smells of the cows he has been milking. I feel like emptying my cologne bottle over him every time I come near him. You don't fear him, Smythe, do you?

Smythe. O no, certainly not; but Henry Howland, the green specimen you allude to, if he is not very dangerous, is not to be despised as a competitor. I will say that much for him. He is ignorant of the world and not up to the ways of good society, but the fellow has talents, and is full of pluck. You had better not go too far with your sneers about the country and country manners in his presence. He has been used to labor, and his muscles are like steel. A blow from his fist would not feel like the tap of a fine lady's fan on your cheek.

Enter WAITER, with Bottle.

But fill up your glass, Plush. Don't grow pale at the idea. Take a fresh cigar. I think we are getting along all right.

Plush. So do I, Smythe. Here's to the divine Lucy, and the speedy consummation of your wishes. [*They drink.*]

I'll be polite to this verdant arcadian, as you desire it, my good fellow. He's not exactly the thing for the high circles, you know, but, as we are obliged to meet him at the Petways, I'll notice him somewhat, for your sake, Smythe.

Smythe. Very well, that is kind in you. You must understand that Howland is evidently not over pleased with his reception at Petway's, and his experience in the city. He looks uneasy, and out of humor. Lucy treats him politely, but not encouragingly, though she certainly likes him. I suspect she flirted with him a little in the country, and he, not understanding the gay doings of our city belles, fancied she was in love with him. But he is beginning to be a little enlightened. He must soon get out of money, for he is in no business, and not likely to find any in his present mood; and he will probably leave soon in thorough disgust. Old Pet. is kind to him. They fished together in the country, I am told, but he wouldn't dream of his aspiring to be his son-in-law, and lady Petway looks down upon him with an imposing grandeur perfectly annihilating. If Howland has the spirit I give him credit for, he will not stand this state of things long.

Plush. Yes, be easy, Smythe, I'll put you through all right, my good fellow. Let's take a stroll down Broadway to the Battery, and ogle the belles a little. It does them good, Smythe. Come along, the bottle is empty. Don't be disheartened. I'll see to it. You shall marry the divine Lucy, 'pon my honor you shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Parlor at Petway's Mansion.*

MR. PETWAY, MRS. PETWAY, and LUCY.

Mr. Petway. So another birth-day has rolled around, and another grand ball is to celebrate the occasion. Lucy, dear, I don't much like the idea of your getting so old. Girls used to marry in my time at eighteen, and I am afraid of losing you, darling, one of these days. Courtney Smythe comes here pretty often, I notice, since our return from the country. His father and I were great cronies—but don't blush, darling, we'll talk of the ball, a much more agreeable subject to me. Have all our friends been in-

vited? You must see to that, Lucy. Our gallant fisherman from the country, young Howland, is of course included.

Lucy. No, he is not, and I think it wrong, papa, and I wanted to talk to you about it. Mama says it will never do for him to be here—that he will not feel at ease, not having been accustomed to such occasions and to such company. But will not Henry feel hurt, papa, and ought we not to invite him?

Mrs. Petway. I will answer that question, Mr. Petway. Whether he may feel hurt or not is immaterial. Our own standing in society is the question. Lucy's birth-day parties have always been very select, as was proper they should be, and it will be a subject of remark, if this country fellow, whom nobody knows, should be seen here, displaying his awkwardness and rusticity. He should not be allowed to visit this house at any time, and certainly not on such an occasion. It is preposterous to think of such a thing.

Mr. Petway. It may be preposterous, madam, but I do think of it, and it shall be done—it is nothing but common decency, let me tell you. It shall not be said that the boy who was fit to be my companion in the country is not good enough to be admitted to my house in the city, and to witness our daughter's happiness on her birth-day. I will not hear anything more on that point. I say he shall be invited; and, Lucy darling, you attend to this and see that Henry is here. By the way, he keeps himself too much aloof from me. I have seen very little of him since he came to the city. I am disposed to be of service to him, but he is so sensitive and proud, I hardly know how to go about it. There is too much romance, I fear, in his head. If I had been romantic and sentimental, I never would have succeeded as I have done. I must talk to the boy. Mrs. Petway, don't look so grim—you shall have all of your grand friends here sure—everybody you please—the biggest fools of them all—I don't care—but I must be gratified in this one thing. What a splendid angler Henry was!

Mrs. Petway. I am always powerless against you and Lucy. Have it your own way, and take the consequences.

Mr. Petway. That I will, madam. But I must be off to the Exchange. Lucy darling, don't neglect anything. This eighteenth birth-day ball must be a decided hit. Money shall not be wanting, anyhow. Kiss you old father, darling, you don't look so happy as you did in the country. Anything the matter?

Lucy. No, papa, a little tired with so much company. [*Kissing him.*] There, papa, take good care of yourself, and never mind about your little Lucy. You shall see how gay and happy she will be at the ball. All is right, now. Our friends will all be present—none shall be left out. Bye, bye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Battery.*

HENRY HOWLAND, *solus.*

Henry. I should be cold this bleak December day,
But I am scorching with an inward heat,
And need fresh air. This sea breeze may revive me.
'Tis quite unlike my native mountain wind,
And yet reminds me of it—it is pure.
This city stifles me, and stupefies.
Why came I here? Have I been duped and fooled?
I dread to think it, yet am I perplexed
And tortured with suspicion. Lucy shuns me.
There is no doubt of that. She gives me not
A single opportunity of speech
With her alone. 'Tis plain that she is changed,
Or forced to treat me with a cold politeness.
Can she be false, a gilded, flaring lie?
Could she so counterfeit an honest passion,
Fall in my arms and weep and proffer vows
Of boundless love and lasting fealty?
It is impossible. And yet, why is it
That I am made to feel I have no claim
Upon her, other than the silly crowd
That throng around her, Smythe and dandy Plush,
And others like them, who profess to sneer
At honorable toil and country breeding?
I have borne much of this for Lucy's sake—

And what have I received in recompense?
"Come to the city," were her parting words.
And I have come, abandoned home and kindred,
Come, in despite of burning prayers and tears,
A father's grief, a mother's agonies,
To find myself a lonely, slighted thing
For fools to jeer at. And is this the welcome,
Pictured and promised in the wondrous city?
I sicken at the thought. Day after day
My slender means grow less. No prospect opens
For suitable employment, and this state
Of miserable, dubious, doubting love
Unfits me for the duties of a man,
Who meets and masters fortune. I must know
My fate with certainty. I must see Lucy,
Unwatched by other's eyes, and learn the worst.
I'll not condemn her without explanation.
She shall defend herself.—Ah! who comes here?
Those city dandies I have met at Petway's.
I would avoid them but I can not now.

Enter SMYTHE and PLUSH.

Smyth. Well met, Mr. Howland. You seem courting the sea breeze as if you loved it. Have you ever crossed the Atlantic, and travelled in Europe?

Henry. Never, sir. My experience of travel is limited to my journey from home to this city, which I begin to wish I had never seen. The extremes of wealth and poverty, luxury and destitution, laces and rags, piety and depravity, are not very pleasant to contemplate. I must confess I am not much charmed with city life, so far.

Plush. You have not seen enough yet, my good fellow, to know how to appreciate the refinements of city society. You must move more in the high circles, Mr. Howland. I never see any depravity and destitution among the set I associate with—they are all the right thing—'pon my honor—isn't that so, Smythe?

Smythe. Your associates are all the wealthy class, and you see only the rosy side of the picture. But Howland is right about the extremes. They are incident, however.

to every large city. The rich and the poor, the good and the bad, make up the world. I am sorry you do not find city life as agreeable as you anticipate, Mr. Howland. You ought, at least, to enjoy the society of your friends, the Petways. By the way, I suppose you will be at the grand ball, in honor of the beautiful Lucy's birth-day. It will be a magnificent affair. Petway never spares money on such occasions. Tickets have issued for a crowd, as usual—but of course you know all about it.

Henry. I have little inclination for such gaieties, and it is not likely that I shall be there, though it is possible.

Plush. O you must go, by all means, my good fellow; it will be the thing of the season—none but those who move in the high circles will be there—the very cream of society, Mr. Howland. No common people will be invited. You must go, or it might be thought you did not belong to that set, you see. Come, Smythe, we must be lounging slowly back up Broadway for the benefit of our lady friends. Wont you stroll along with us, Howland? I'll give you the names of the city belles as they pass by us. They all know me.

Henry. Thank you, no. I am not very well. I will stay and enjoy the sea breeze a while longer.

[*Exeunt Smythe and Plush.*]

A thousand hells are boiling in my bosom.
Here is more damning proof. Left out—insulted—
No common folks invited—only the cream,
The Smythes and Plushes! What must be the milk.
If such the cream of high society!
But soft—'tis some time since I called at Petway's.
Perhaps a ticket waits me at the post.
They know not where I lodge. Let me be just.
And not too hasty. I will look to this.
If so, it may not be the fault of Lucy.
Her mother hates me—there may be constraint.
How I have loved her! how I love her still!
Must love and misery be joined forever?

[*Erit.*]

SCENE VI.—*Ball Room at Petway's Mansion.*

MR. PETWAY, MRS. PETWAY, LUCY, SMYTHE, PLUSH, and HENRY.—*Other Ladies and Gentlemen, all finely dressed. Curtain rises with a Cotillion in progress.—Smythe and Plush dancing.—Plush with Lucy.—Mrs. Petway on one side, very grand and imposing.—Mr. Petway on the other side, talking to Henry.—A pause in the Music.—They stand talking in Groups.*

Mr. Petway. You don't seem to enjoy yourself, Henry, and I can't say that I relish these grand balls much, myself. It was far better fun when you and I were pulling out the trout in the mountains last summer, wasn't it? Never mind, we will take a run up there by ourselves, next season, without being bothered with the women folks—shall we, Henry?

Henry. Perhaps so. I was tired of the country, and anxious to leave it, but I have not found my city experience very enrapturing. New York is not quite the Eden I fancied it.

Mr. Petway. No, no, it is bad enough, God knows, and will hardly grow better with age. If it were not for my wife and Lucy, the darling, I would live in the country. But Lucy will be marrying, I suppose, before long. You know Courtney Smythe—we were staying in his house last summer. He is the son of an old friend of mine, who died some years ago. We used to talk about a family alliance some day, half in jest, but I should not wonder, the way things look, if it come to pass very soon. Courtney has been very attentive of late, and Lucy seems rather to avoid the subject when I allude to it, which is a pretty good sign, you know—but you look pale and badly to-night, Henry—not sick, I hope?

Henry. Yes, a little unwell, but it will pass off directly. Don't let me detain you from your other guests.

Mr. Petway. Come round to my office, Henry, soon. I want to talk to you, my boy. You must let me see you oftener. You should not overlook your old fishing comrade. Cheer up. I'll go and look after the supper arrang-

ments. We'll take a glass of wine together presently. It will do you good. [Exit Petway.

Plush. [Advancing.] Why, Howland, my dear fellow, you are not dancing to-night—how is this? Don't they cultivate the Terpsichorian art in the country?

Henry. No, they cultivate their heads instead of their heels in the country. I see your city education has not been neglected.

Plush. I should rather think not, Mr. Howland. I am allowed to be the best dancer in the city, except, perhaps, in the new German waltz lately come in fashion. There, some say, Smythe excels me, but I doubt it, Howland, I doubt it. You shall see, presently. The next thing on the programme is a waltz. [Music strikes up.

Smythe. Shall I have the happiness of waltzing with you, Miss Petway?

Lucy. Certainly, Mr. Smythe, with great pleasure. I adore the waltz, and you waltz so well, Mr. Smythe. [Turning to Henry.] How sorry I am you don't dance, Mr. Howland, you lose such an enjoyment. You must take lessons.

Henry. I have taken too many lessons already, Miss Petway. I see that I shall have to unlearn much that was taught me in the country. But experience is said to bring wisdom.

Smythe. Come, Miss Lucy, we are losing time and much pleasure. [They join in the waltz.

Henry. Death and damnation! How can I endure this? His arm around her waist—her little hand Enclasped in his—he draws her closely to him—Her soft curls touch his glowing cheek—their eyes Are swimming in a flood of ecstasy. They pause a moment—how she rests upon him! It is too much, O God, it is too much! The spirit of the first born Cain is in me.

[Rushes out.—Curtain falls.

SCENE VII.—Drawing Room at Petway's.

HENRY and LUCY, seated at some distance from each other.

Lucy. You craved a private interview—I grant it.

And wait your pleasure. Have you aught to say
In explanation of your strange behavior,
At all times since your coming to our city,
But, more especial, at my birth-day party?
Is this your usual way of treating friends?
Your outbreak and departure from our house
Before the supper hour, without a word
Of formal parting or of cold excuse,
Was noted, and has been a fruitful subject
For busy tongues to prate of—why was this? [*Both rise.*]

Henry. No woman ever yet betrayed a man
But blamed him for it—it was all his fault.
I find you no exception. I have sought
This opportunity of private speech,
Because I hesitated to believe
That Lucy Petway was the changeful thing
Appearances denoted. It might be,
That others' wishes ruled her, and compelled
A conduct so at war with honest dealing.
Have you forgotten how we parted once,
And what you said? It shames me to remind you.
I would have doubted Christ as soon as you.
For you I quarrelled with the best of mothers,
Whose warnings were unheeded; overcame
A doting father's wise remonstrances,
Put him in debt and peril of great loss,
And, with a lover's fervor and true faith,
Came hither, to be treated as a dog,
Who should be thankful for a cast-off bone,
And whipped to silence, if he chance to growl,
While some new favorite is caressed and feasted.

Lucy. O Henry, this is cruel. I would be
Your friend, if you would let me. You must see
The difference of the city and the country.
Here social rules contract and hedge me in,
Forcing compliance. You must not expect
That I can treat you but as other friends,
Many with older claim to my regard,
But not more loved and honored. Learn to be
My friend and not my lover. I am not

The mistress of my future destiny,
But doomed to be what others choose to make me.
And yet I love you, and shall love you ever.
Think not too harshly of me—let the past
Be as a pleasant dream—be still my friend,
And ask no more than I am free to give.

Henry. I thank you for this candor. Say no more.
It comes a little late, but better now
Than later still. I understand you fully.
I was the object of your rural leisure,
And served to occupy your idle hours—
An awkward youth, but good enough to use
When nothing better offered—a fit subject
To practice on; simple and unsuspecting.
A child in confidence, though a man in feeling.
And so you won an easy victory,
Too easy to be valued when accomplished.
'Tis scarce worth while to glaze the matter over.
I was your dupe, your plaything, and your sport.
Indeed, it is a very little thing.
A trifling incident, not worth remembrance.
'Tis nothing but a blasted, barren life.
A heart worn out and broken ere its time,
All faith in woman scattered to the winds
As dust and ashes. You have been my idol,
And I have worshipped you with blind devotion,
As others have mistaken a painted image,
Fashioned of mud, for a divinity.
My eyes are opened. With contempt I turn
My heart and back upon you. Selfish trifler!
Live and remember! That is curse enough. [*Exit Henry.*

Lucy. Too much! too much! but I have earned it all.
I gather but the harvest I have sown.
O that I could forget!

[*Curtain falls.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Broadway,—Hotel and fashionable Tailor Shop seen.*

COURTNEY SMYTHE, *solus*.

Smythe. Howland has quarrelled with his lady love,
As was to be expected. So far, well.
He roams the city with a restless look,
As if without a purpose—full of thought,
But having no direction or control.
His disappointment has unsettled him.
He knows not what to do or where to go.
I've watched him closely—I suspect he takes
Strong stimulents to stupefy and dull
The sharpness of his sorrow. I have seen him
Steal out from places of low dissipation
In the dead hour of night. Would he were gone.
I can not be mistaken. Lucy loves him.
If I know anything, I know the sex.
Their nature is peculiar, and a riddle
To slight observers, not to the experienced.
There is more danger in this stormy quarrel
And wrathful separation than from intercourse,
Occasional and formal, brief and cold.
That old and hackneyed proverb, "Out of sight
And out of mind," will not apply to lovers
In near propinquity, who, chance, may meet
At any hour, at any public place,
Or turn of the street—they must be sundered wide,
And possibilities be made impossible.
I have marked Lucy, too. She stays at home
More than is usual, wears a thoughtful brow,
And seems unhappy. This will never do.
I must get Howland into difficulty,
And force him from the city. Let me think.
He must be scant of money by this time.
Could I entice him to some gambling house

And sweep the little left? 'Tis worth the trial.
Then, to avoid starvation, he might take
Refuge aboard some vessel, outward bound
To some far distant mart, and trouble me
No farther—I will try it—it may work.

PLUSH comes out of the Tailor's Shop, in a flashy new Suit.

Why, Plush, you look finer than a peacock with a full tail,
expanded in all its glory.

Plush. Yes, my good fellow. I know something about
dress. It will never do for a gentleman to be seen wear-
ing the same coat too long, for fear it may be thought he
hasn't got the money or credit to buy a new one, you see.
And the ladies, too, like it, Smythe; "fine feathers," you
know.

Smythe. Well, Plush, I am glad to meet you. I was
just thinking about you. I want you to aid me a little.
You are aware that your verdant arcadian has fallen out
with his shepherdess. He goes no longer to Petway's, and
is rambling round like a crazy goose. I want to get him
out of the city for fear of an accident. His funds are ex-
hausted, I imagine, and he has taken to drinking whisky
and other low and vulgar liquors. Couldn't we notice him
a little more, and persuade him to replenish his funds with
a little play? We might get him to some convenient place,
clean him out entirely, and so get rid of him forever.
How would that do, Plush?

Plush. A very ingenious and gentlemanly idea, 'pon
my honor. If you say so, we will do it. Come along, and
we'll talk over the matter and plan it all out. Very inge-
nious! We'll do up this country greenhorn, 'pon my hon-
or, we will. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Private Room in a Gambling House.—Bottle
and Glasses on a Table.*

COURTNEY SMYTHE and SHARPE CHISELL.

Smythe. You understand me, Chisell. This country
fellow is in my way. I want him out of the city. I will
manage to get him to your house, and you must clean him

out—you know how to do it. I have seen you manipulate these green-horns often enough. He knows nothing of cards, and you can do it in a few deals—not too suddenly, you know.

Chisell. Yes, that is easy enough, but these country chaps are sometimes hard to handle. If they suspect something wrong, they show fight and get up a row. You must save me from all damage, Smythe, if anything should turn up.

Smythe. Of course. I will be present, and so will Plush. You know dandy Plush. I am using him to draw the fellow in. A fool is very useful sometimes—he is not suspected. I'll let you know the night he is coming. We will stand up to you should anything happen. Our purses are long enough, you know, and besides I have influence with the city officials.

Chisell. Very well. You may depend on me. Fix your time, and let me know. I'll do this little job for you to a nicety. I love that sort of thing. Let's take another drink, and go.

Smythe. All right. Here's to the green-horn, and a clean skinning!

Chisell. Ha! ha! Very good. Here's to the green-horn!

[*They drink.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Back Street of disreputable appearance.*

HENRY HOWLAND, *solus*, *looking haggard and wild, as if from dissipation.*

Henry. The prospect darkens. Little now is left
Of the small sum my doting father gave me.
Small did I say? The loss will bankrupt him.
I purposed to replace it—can I ever?
I see no outlet to this misery
But death—but what would that avail to him?
O that I could refund it and then die!
I've read of fortunes, grappled in one night,
Of venturesome play, with lucky cards or dice.
Dare I the venture make? How it would shock
My pious parents, if they found it out.

God bless them ! If I could but save them harmless,
What matter whether heaven or hell result ?

I've half the mind to try it. [See PLUSH advancing.]

There is Plush,

That fashionable fool—he seems to dog me
Of late—I meet him oftener than I wish,
Though lately he appears exceeding kind
And condescending to his country friend,
As now he calls me.

Plush. How are you, my good fellow ? A little down in the mouth ? I get so myself sometimes, 'pon my honor I do, friend Howland. We gentlemen, who move in the high circles, you know, have to spend a great deal of money to keep up appearances, and occasionally we get a little short in ready cash. But it is nothing, after all. When I get in that way, you see, I always go to fortune's bank and make a draw upon it. I pocketed a cool \$500 the other night, 'pon my honor, I did. Howland, my good fellow, did you ever try it ? Nothing wrong about it, I assure you ; all fair, it's quite common among us fashionables. Smythe replenishes his purse that way often, 'pon my honor, he does, rich as he is. What do you say, Howland ? Will you try it ? It would amuse you—now it would.

Henry. I have played cards for amusement, but know nothing of gambling. I have been taught it was wrong. But don't you lose as well as win at the gaming table ?

Plush. O yes, sometimes, of course. But if we are losing, we quit early and try some other time, when fortune is more favorable, you see. Howland, my good fellow, I don't like to see you moping so. Dem the women—I'm getting tired of them. You can't place any confidence in them. Now, there is Lucy Petway—gave me all sorts of encouragement, you see, and after all is going to marry my friend, Smythe, not half as well dressed or good looking as I am. Dem the women, I say.

Henry. Don't talk of them. I know but one honest woman in the world, and that is my mother. When you go next to a gambling house, I don't care if I go with you.

Plush. That is right my good fellow, I know all the

fashionable resorts. I will let you know. I can put you through, 'pon my honor, I can. We will have a good thing of it, and come away with our pockets full, to be sure we will. Dem the women—give me the cards, Howland; they are much more to be depended on. *Au revoir.* [*Erit.*

Henry. The silly popinjay! Yet I'll go with him. I'll trust the devil in this immergency.

'Tis said he favors, at first, to draw souls on.

The mention of her name decided me.

I have grown desperate—my brain is seething—

I scarce know where I am or what I do—

Nor do I care—what is there left to me? [*Ecit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in Petway's Mansion.*

LUCY and JENNY.—*Lucy sitting at a little Table, Book in Hand, looking very serious.—Jenny at her Needle Work.*

What has come over you, Miss? You are not yourself at all lately. I never did see such a metamorphous. You used to be so lively and full of fun, and now you are as solemn as a funeral. What is the matter with you?

Lucy. I am tired and sick of this frivolous, worthless life of mine. I have no inclination for company or amusements. They annoy, they disgust me.

Jenny. So it seems, when you quit going out and shut yourself up in your room, and refuse to see any of your fashionable beaux, even Mr. Smythe, who is to marry you one of these days—you know you told me so yourself, Miss—that you did.

Lucy. No matter what I told you, Jenny. I shall not marry Smythe. I shall not marry anybody. I hate Courtney Smythe. I hate everybody. I hate myself. If I were not so wicked, I could wish I were dead, Jenny, dead and buried deep in the ground, where I should cease to think and be at rest.

Jenny. The Lord help you. Such a humor as you are in. Reading and moping and fretting all the time. If you goes on in this way, you will throw me into historic fits, you will. It wasn't so in the country. I wonder what has become of Henry. Bless my soul, if I don't believe

that is the very play-book you and Henry used to read together, when we were in the mountains. What has become of Henry?

Lucy. Henry will never come back again. I have offended him past all hope of reconciliation. He would not speak to me now. He would disdain to think of so faithless a creature as I am. [Crying.]

Jenny. Now, don't cry. Don't put on so. If Henry is in the city, I will look him up and talk to him myself, Miss Lucy. I always did like him, and I have an admonition that you and Henry will marry yet.

Lucy. Jenny, you are the best girl that ever lived. I think I will go to bed. I am only happy in my sleep. I dream of the country all night, Jenny.

Jenny. And of something else, too, Miss Lucy—somebody I know.

Lucy. How you talk, Jenny! Come along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*A Gambling Room.—A Table, with Cards spread out upon it.*

CHISELL behind, with *Box and Cards*.—*Piles of Gold and Bank Notes* before him.—*SMYTHE, PLUSH, and HOWLAND* betting.—*On the side of the Room, a Grate, with Fire.—A Poker* near it.

Chisell. Well, gentlemen, ready for another deal? The bank is in bad luck to-night. Smythe, you are always fortunate, and a new hand, like Mr. Howland, is almost sure to win. I think I am out at least a thousand. At this rate, I shall have to close up presently. Plush, open another bottle of champagne. I am as dry as a fish out of water. Let's all take a drink before further business.

[They drink.—Deal commences.]

Henry. I'll double my winnings or lose all on this deal.

[Puts down a large sum and loses.]

Plush. Very spirited, 'pon my honor, very gentlemanly, isn't it, Smythe? Howland will make a bold player—he'll break the bank yet—don't you think so?

Smythe. Yes, if his good luck continues, but it seems to be changing.

[*Henry continues to bet heavily through the deal, and loses every bet.—He rises excited at the close.*

Henry. Well, my last cent is gone. You can keep the money, but you cheated, sir, you cheated.

Chisell. Take care, young man, what you say. No imputations here. This is a respectable house—the best men of the city patronize us.

Henry. What do I care for your respectability? I say you cheated me—I saw you—you are a knave.

Chisell. Take that, you liar. [Striking him.

Henry. And that, you rogue.

[*Strikes back and staggers Chisell, who recovers, and all three spring upon Henry and bear him to the floor.—He struggles and throws them off; snatches up the poker and knocks down Chisell as he approaches.—Smythe and Plush run out, crying, "Police! police! murder! murder!"—Henry throws down the poker and stands with arms folded.*

Enter three POLICEMEN.

Policeman. What is all this row about? Why, here is a dead man. Who did this bloody deed?

Henry. I did. Is the dog dead?

Policeman. Yes. And we here arrest you for the murder on your own confession.

Henry. I care not—but it was no murder. They set upon me, three to one. I did but defend myself—but it is no matter what you call it, I would do it over.

Policeman. Secure the murderer. Take him to prison.

[*They seize him.—Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Broadway.**Two CITIZENS meeting.**1st. Citizen.* Good morning, my friend.*2nd. Citizen.* Good morning, sir. Any news stirring?*1st. Citizen.* Yes. The great murder trial, which has been so much talked about, terminated last night, and young Howland is convicted, and will be hung.*2nd. Citizen.* Indeed! Did you attend the trial?*1st. Citizen.* From first to last. I felt great interest in it. I am one of the few who believe in Howland's innocence. But the testimony of Smythe and Plush, who were present at the occurrence, was positive. They swore that Howland, because he lost his money at a fair game, became infuriated, seized the poker, and struck down the faro dealer, and that they run out, fearing for their own lives. Now, this is not at all probable. I think it was a conspiracy between them and the gambler to win Howland's money, and that he used the poker in self defence. He has no look of the murderer about him. Smythe looked to me far more like a criminal, and I noticed both he and Plush turned pale and trembled while giving their testimony. But they are rich and belong to the upper class, and there was no rebutting evidence. It was a very one sided affair—the jury were not out ten minutes.*2nd. Citizen.* I agree with you entirely. I happen to know something of this case. I live near old Petway, the rich merchant, whose daughter is very beautiful and has been the belle of the city. Now I know that Smythe and Howland were rivals. Both visited at Petway's. Howland made the girl's acquaintance, I am told, last summer, when the family went to the country, and he followed her here. It is thought, gay and fashionable as she was, that she favored young Howland, though the son of a poor farmer. It is certain she has been very much affected by the killing and trial. I heard that old Petway offered How-

land money, and wanted to employ counsel for his defence, but the proud young fellow refused—said it was needless, he cared nothing about the result. It is a sad matter. I think with you there has been foul play and it will come to light some time.

1st. Citizen. Perhaps so. But justice is becoming a farce now-a-days. Those who have plenty of money do as they please—only the poor devils are hung.

2nd. Citizen. That is so, the more the pity, and the shame, too. And it is likely to grow worse, I fear. Cities are not like wine—age does not improve them. Good-day.

1st. Citizen. Good-day, sir. [*They separate.*]

SCENE II.—*Drawing Room, Petway's Mansion.*

LUCY *reclining on a Sofa, Head resting on her Hand, pale and sad.*

Enter COURTNEY SMYTHE, unannounced.

Lucy. [*Starting up.*] Why come you here? Why thus intrude upon me?

This is my mother's doing. Have I not

Denied you audience repeatedly?

Will you thus force yourself upon my sorrow?

Smythe. I come to offer you my hand and fortune.

My heart has long been yours. Do not repulse me.

Suffer my presence, listen to my suit.

Have I not been your friend from early years?

And will you let a low adventurer,

A criminal, convicted and condemned

To die a felon's ignominious death,

Thus come between us and my cherished hopes?

What have I done to warrant this repulsion?

Lucy. You swore a lie to take a noble life.

Your villainy has brought him to this straight.

You feared to have him near me—you devised

The plan to work his ruin, and I know it.

I feel it, and your presence is an insult.

You feared I loved him, and I tell you, now.

I did, and love him still, as I hate you.

Out of my sight, you brazen, perjured wretch.

Smythe. If you believe me such, here, take this dagger,
And plunge it deep into my faithful heart,
Which beats for thee alone. *[Offers the dagger.*

Lucy. *[Taking it.]* I will, you villain.
[Offers to strike.—Smythe runs out.
The cowardice of guilt. I'll keep this dagger.
[Hides it in her dress.

I may have use for it—I will not live
If Henry die. How could I wrong him so?
How could I trifle with his trusting heart,
And bring this cruel fate upon us both?
I knew not how I loved him till he spurned
The friendship, which I offered, with contempt,
And left me with that proud and lofty grief,
More like a God than man. What can I do?
He might be pardoned. I might yet be his.
O, I would rather be this convict's wife
Than queen it o'er the world. I'll see my father.
He has much influence with the Governor,
Who now is in the city. He will not
Reject my father's prayer. I yet may save him. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Library Room, Petway's Mansion.*

MR. PETWAY *reading.*

Mr. Petway. *[Throws down the book.]* 'Tis useless—why
should I attempt to read,
With Henry Howland glaring from each page
Suspended from the gallows? God forgive me!
Has my imprudence brought the boy to this?
How could I dream my well intentioned kindness
Would work such misery to him and others?
Yet was I not a blinded, arrant fool,
Not to conceive that love would follow contact,
And daily intercourse of youthful hearts?
Even wood will kindle with continued friction.
My darling Lucy! Had I known she loved him,
And with such clinging and abiding fervor,
By heaven! and all my hopes of reaching it.

She should have married him, the world opposing.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. My father! they will kill him—he will die
Unless we save him. Hasten to the Governor,
He is your friend, and you have influence.
Emplore his pardon. Leave no means untried.
Do everything an earnest man can do.
My life depends upon it. Go at once.
Quick, quick, this moment.

Mr. Petway. My unhappy child.
I fear it is too late. Why did you not
Confide in me, and tell your love for Henry?
What boon, through life, did ever I deny you?
We have been both to blame.

Lucy. I knew it not
Myself, dear father—I was self deceived.
At first my only thought was passing pleasure.
An idle frolic with a simple lover.
May every giddy girl from me take warning.
Love turns his arrows on the guilty trifler.
And is his own avenger. Hasten, father,
And bring back comfort to this tortured bosom.

Mr. Petway. I go, my child. Whatever can be done,
With hopeful energy will I attempt.
I feel I am not guiltless in this matter.
A righteous retribution presses on us.
Go to your room, my child, and wait the result. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Chamber in Petway's Mansion.*

LUCY kneeling by her Chair, Head buried in her Hands, as
if in Prayer.

Enter MR. PETWAY.

Lucy. [*Springs up to meet him.*] And you have seen
him? He will grant his pardon?

Mr. Petway. Alas! not so, my daughter. He is firm
In his denial. Long and hard I pleaded,
For your dear sake, and that I loved the boy.

And think him innocent. I offered money—
A princely bribe—but he is incorrupt.
There is no hope, my darling, he must die.

Lucy. He shall not die. Myself will go to him,
And plead as never mortal plead before.
He must not die. Save him I must and will.

Mr. Petway. Go, then, my daughter, and may God be
with you,
And touch his heart with mercy. Go, my darling,
Ours was the blame, be ours to remedy,
If it be possible, the evil wrought. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The Governor's Office.*

GOVERNOR and PRIVATE SECRETARY sitting at Tables, with
Writing Materials.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. A lady, sir, desires an interview.

Governor. [To Private Secretary.] See what is want-
ing. I am loth to grant
Another audience to any one.
I feel fatigued, and need a little rest. [Secretary goes out.]
This application for young Howland's pardon
Has worried me and put me out of temper.
Old Petway's zeal to save this criminal
Made him forget himself, and what was due
To my position—yet I felt for him.
There is a shade of doubt upon my mind
Of Howland's guilt—but then the proof was plain,
Direct, and positive, without rebuttal.
The only question is, did they swear truly?

Enter SECRETARY.

Secretary. It is a lady, sir, deep veiled and much
Excited, who implores a moment's hearing.
She will not be denied.

Governor. Then, let her come.
While I am seated in the chair of State,
It never shall be said that I am wanting

In patience or in justice. Let her in.

Enter LUCY, veiled.—*She casts a look at the Governor, then at the Secretary.*

Governor. [*To his Secretary.*] You may retire to the adjoining room,

And wait my summons. [*To Lucy.*] I am at your service.

Lucy. [*Lifting her veil.*] I am the daughter of a citizen, Known to your Excellency, Richard Petway.

I am his only child, and I have come

To beg a favor, just denied to him.

O do not turn me off without a hearing.

Governor. Your father did me the distinguished honor To offer money for a convict's pardon.

I trust his daughter comes not to repeat

So gross an insult.

Lucy. I have come to humble
Myself in dust before you—to confess
How vain and weak and wicked I have been.
Let not my father's fault prevent your justice.
If he did wrong, it was his love for me.
I am the sinner, past all earthly hope
But in your goodness.

Governor. It is vain to plead
For Howland's pardon; he was fairly tried
And proven guilty of a bloody murder.
The law must take its course. Crime multiplies
And riots in indulgence. It is time
To check the crimson flood. The man must die.

Lucy. Unsay those dreadful words. But hear my story,
And you will pity me and pardon him.
I am the guilty one—on me should fall,
On me alone, the vengeance of the law.
He was an honest farmer of the country.
His peaceful home among the verdant hills
And chrystal waters of his native State.
An only son—his parents' hope and pride.
For he had genius, was by nature formed
For something higher than his humble station.
Well read in books, though ignorant of the world,

With an aspiring and a noble mind,
The soul of honor, purity, and truth.

[*Pauses, overcome with emotion.*]

My father passed the summer near his home,
And we were thrown together. I was vain,
A petted favorite, with city training,
Thoughtless and selfish, thinking it no harm
To put the semblance of affection on
To charm the other sex, and take my pleasure.
I taught the boy—for he was young, in years,
Though older than myself, scarce over twenty—
I taught the boy to love me, made him vows
Of love and constancy, and nursed his passion.
I did yet more—I shudder to confess it—
I lured him from his home and doting parents
Here to the city, where he followed me
Without suspicion, with unbounded faith
In me and womankind. Alas! alas!
Once here, I treated him with cold neglect.
We quarrelled, parted, and he sought relief
In fiery stimulants that dethroned and crazed him.

[*Another pause.*]

Gone, I repented and found out I loved him.
This, one who long had sought my hand in marriage,
Favored by parents, but not liked by me,
Suspected; and, assisted by a friend,
His pliant tool, a brainless, city fop,
Planned out his ruin. He had known them slightly,
Met them occasionally at my father's house,
And thus were they enabled to ensnare
His unsuspecting mind with proffered friendship.
They found him, wandering about the city,
His means exhausted, and his heart weighed down
With my misconduct, and they tempted him.
I can not prove it, but I know 'twas so.
They brought him to that gambler's den, and there
Induced the quarrel, with its tragic ending.
All three were set upon him—such the statement
Of Henry when arrested—I believe him.
He was incapable of such a deed

Except in self-defence. Yourself would say it,
Did you but know him as I know the man.
They swore most falsely—they were interested,
And not to be believed. They sought his death,
And he must die unless you pardon him.

[*Falling on her knees.*

My God! have mercy. If his life be taken,
I am his murderer! I lured him here,
And brought this fate upon him. If he die,
He shall not die alone, I will die with him.
Have mercy! O have mercy on us both!

Governor. Could I resist this pleading, I should be
More than a man, or less. Your prayer is granted.

[*Rings a little bell on the table.*

Enter SECRETARY.

Make out young Howland's pardon in due form.

[*Writes on a slip of paper, which he hands to Lucy.*
This writing will admit you to his prison.
Now go and comfort him.

Lucy. May God reward you. [*Exit Lucy hurriedly.*

SCENE VI.—A Dungeon.

HENRY *resting on a rough Couch, a Letter in his Hand, a dim
Lamp near him.*

Henry. My good old father's letter! and it comes
To make me still more wretched. I did think
I could not suffer more, but now my cup
Is full to overflowing. She is dead!
My mother! dead! died of a broken heart
Before her guilty son. The old farm gone!
My father invalid and penniless.
Without a shelter for his hoary head,
Bowed down with grief and shame. The hour has come.
Why lengthen out this torment? I have kept,
Concealed, a sure preventive of the gallows.

[*Draws a small vial of poison.*

My father shall be spared that crowning shame.
At least, I am no coward. Life to me

Has been a failure—I will end it thus.

[*Swallows the poison.*]

A Noise without, the Jail Door is opened and Lucy rushes in.

Have you come here to mock me? It is well—

A fitting moment.

Lucy. I have come to save you—

I have your pardon. O forgive me, Henry.

I never loved but you—you, you alone.

We may be happy yet.

Henry. You come too late.

You must ask pardon of a higher power.

Lucy. No, not too late—dear Henry, you are free.

Henry. Not yet, but shall be soon.

Lucy. You will forgive me?

[*Offers to kiss his lips.—He repulses her.*]

Henry. No, no, there's danger—do not touch my lips.

Lucy. What means this, Henry? Can you not forgive
Forget the wrong I did you? [me?]

Henry. It means *that*.

[*Pointing to the empty rial.—A spasm follows.*]

Lucy. O God! He's poisoned. Help! there, jailor, help!

Henry. Hush! let no curious stranger eyes behold

My dying struggles. Lucy, darling, rest

Your head upon my shoulder, let my arms

Infold you, as I pressed you to my heart

On the green bank of that bright mountain stream,

Whose waters now seem murmuring in my ears,

As in that hour of bliss. I do forgive you.

I can not say that you have done all this.

I was a wayward child, rebellious, hasty,

And prone to evil—I deserve my fate.

But it is joy to know that you did love me. [Another spasm.]

Lucy. [*Rising and drawing the dagger.*] I will die with
you. [*Plunges it in her bosom.*] We must part no
more.

[*Throws herself upon him, clasping him in her arms.*]

Henry. [*Wandering in mind.*] Mother! she is an angel!



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